

lifting up his ghastly eyes, he beheld the good *Benefico* coming hastily towards him.

Barbarico at seeing him started with Fear: and flinging *Fidus* over his Shoulder, he threw *Amata* whom he took to be quite expired, into a stream



that ran hard by, and fled to his Cave, not daring once to cast his eyes behind him.

The good *Benefico* seeing the Monster's Flight, and not doubting but he had done some Mischief, he
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immediately hasted to the Brook; where he found the half expiring *Amata* floating down the Stream;

The gentle *Amata* was now just enough recovered to open her Eyes, the kind *Benefico* hasted with her to his hospitable Cattle, where all imaginable Assistance was administred to her Relief,

The cruel *Barbarico* as soon as he arrived at his gloomy Cave, called to him his little Page, saying, "Here, Catiff, take in Charge this smooth faced Miscreant, let his Allowance be no more than one small Ounce of mouldy Bread, and half a Pint of standing Water for each Day's Support, till his now blooming Skin be withered, his Flesh wasted from his Bones, and he dwindle to a meer Skeleton."

This little Page the cruel *Barbarico* had stolen from his Parents at five Years old; his Mother had given him the Name of *Mignon*, by which Name the Giant always called him: Only when he said *Mignon*, he would add the Word *Dwarf*; for, to say the Truth, *Mignon* was one of the least Men that

ever